



# THE WASTED CRUST

WORDS BY

EDITH LELEAN GROVES

MUSIC BY

BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

PRICE 50c.

7/22

THE ANGLO - CANADIAN MUSIC CO.  
TORONTO, CANADA.



# THE WASTED CRUST.

Words by  
EDITH LELEAN GROVES

Music by  
BERTHA LOUISE TAMBLYN

Moderato mp

Last

night I did'nt eat up my crust, I poked it in un-der my plate, — I

*mp a tempo*

*poco rit. mysteriously* *a tempo*

thought that no one could find it there, But when it grew dark and late, And

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

I was in bed all cov-erd up tight, All cov-erd but just my head, — I

*And* *And\**



3

saw that same old crust, I did, Come walk-ing up ov-er my bed. He'd

*rh. slowly*

*poco rit.*

two long legs and great big eyes, And he grinned! and he said to me

*poco rit.*

*slowly and impressively*

*poco rit.*

"I'm the crust, you poked in un-der your plate, You could-'nt hide me you

*poco rit.*

*mf*

see You must nev-er, nev-er, nev-er do—

*cresc.* *ff* *mf*

*mp*  
that a - gain! "Al - right, I wont" I said, I'll eat you up to the

*p*

*rit.*  
ver - y last crumb, If you'll please get down off of my bed" So he

*rit.* *sfz*

*gaily*  
jumped off the bed, and he dis - ap - peared, I've searched for him earl-y and

*gaily*

*rall. e cresc.* *a tempo mp*  
late, — But he comes no more, for I nev - er poke my crusts in under my plate.

*rall. e cresc.* *mp* *a tempo*